The Shadow: Of all that you have enunciated, nothing pleased me more than one promise: <f Ye want again to be good neighbours to the most familiar things." This will be to the advantage of us poor shadows too. For do but confess that you have hitherto been only too fond of reviling us.

The Wanderer-. Reviling? But why did you never defend yourselves ? After all, you were very close to our ears.

The Shadow: It seemed to us that we were too near you to have a right to talk of ourselves.

The Wanderer-. What delicacy! Ah, you shadows are " better men " * than we, I can see that.

The Shadow : And yet you called us " importunate "—us, who know one thing at least extremely well: how to be silent and to wait—no Englishman knows it better. It is true we are very, very often in the retinue of men, but never as their bondsmen. When man shuns light, we shun man—so far, at least, we are free.

The Wanderer: Ah, light shuns man far oftener, and then also you abandon him.

The Shadow: It has often pained me to leave you. *I* am eager for knowledge, and much in man has remained obscure to me, because I cannot always be in his company. At the price of complete knowledge of man I would gladly be your slave.

The Wanderer-. Do you know, do I know, whether you would not then unwittingly become master in-

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* An allusion to the poem " Der Wilde " (The Savage) by Saume, which ends with the line," Sehet, wir wilden sind doch bessere Menschen " (Behold, after all, we savages are better men).—TR.